



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

PR4042

S67

1898

Songs of England

by Alfred Austin

Poet Laureate

FROM A BOOK FUND COMMEMORATING
RUTH GERALDINE ASHEN
CLASS OF 1931

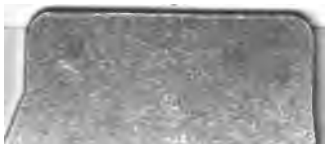
It's a sad thing
 when a man is to be so soon forgotten
And the shining in his soul
 gone from the earth
With no thing remaining;

And it's a sad thing
 when a man shall die
And forget love
 which is the shiningness of life;

But it's a sadder thing
 that a man shall forget love
And he not dead but walking in the field
 of a May morning
And listening to the voice of the thrush.

—R.G.A., in *A Yearbook of
Stanford Writing*, 1931

STANFORD
UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
GIVEN BY EDWIN EVERITT WILLIAMS '32



100

SONGS OF ENGLAND



SONGS OF ENGLAND

BY

ALFRED AUSTIN

POET LAUREATE

Et dubitamus adhuc virtutem extendere factis?

ÆNEID vi. 806

Why should our Future be less glorious than our Past?

London

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED

NEW YORK : THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

1898

ANR 1193

All rights reserved

—

—

TO
FIELD MARSHAL
The Viscount Wolseley, K.P.
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

MY DEAR WOLSELEY,

A friendship of close on thirty years' standing would of itself account for my desire to tender you the dedication of this volume. But it is less with the friend than with the Soldier and the Patriot that I would fain see it associated. In days, now happily passed away, when to descant on the power and the mission of England was deemed a desecration of the Muse, and almost an outrage on morality, you invariably responded with instant sympathy to any note that vibrated with patriotic sentiment. How could it be otherwise? In your youth you fought and bled for England, and now, in riper years, you devote to her the energy of your mind and the resources of your experience. Long may you continue to do so! Never were they more needed than now, when it has devolved on her to oppose and, if needs be, to defend, her magnanimous policy of Commercial Freedom against exclusive and baneful ambitions.

Believe me, my dear Wolseley,
Always cordially yours,

ALFRED AUSTIN.

FLORENCE, *February* 1898.

EXPLANATORY

IN compliance with suggestions frequently received during the last two years, this volume is issued under conditions which place it within the reach, at least, of the many. It contains no pieces that are not to be found elsewhere among the author's Works, but apart from each other, and in the immediate company of other utterances of less national import. All of them, it will be observed,—not excepting "At His Grave" and "The Passing of Merlin," pious tributes to two great Englishmen,—are animated by the same sentiment, and had their origin in the same impulse, love and pride of Country. It only remains to add, in deference to certain generous and legitimate susceptibilities, that in the Sonnets, "Why England Is Conservative," the word "Conservative" is used in no Party sense, and that by "England," for which no other appellation equally comprehensive and convenient has yet been discovered, it is intended to indicate not only Great Britain and Ireland, but Canada, Australia, South Africa, India, and every spot of earth where men feel an instantaneous thrill of imperial kinship at the very sound of the Name that lends its title to the opening poem in the present volume.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
VICTORIA—June 20, 1837. June 20, 1897 .	11
LOOK SEAWARD, SENTINEL! . . .	19
ALFRED'S SONG—(From "England's Darling").	28
SONNET—(From "In Veronica's Garden")	31
WHO WOULD NOT DIE FOR ENGLAND? . .	32
AT HIS GRAVE 	37
WHY ENGLAND IS CONSERVATIVE . .	43
ON RETURNING TO ENGLAND . . .	46
IS LIFE WORTH LIVING? . . .	52
IN PRAISE OF ENGLAND . . .	56
THREE SONNETS—Written in Mid-Channel	58
THE PASSING OF MERLIN . . .	61
TO ENGLAND 	67

VICTORIA

June 20, 1837

June 20, 1897

I

THE lark went up, the mower whet his scythe,
On golden meads kine ruminating lay,
And all the world felt young again and blithe,
Just as to-day.

II

The partridge shook her covey from her wings,
And limped along the grass ; on leaf and lawn
Shimmered the dew, and every throat that sings
Chanted the dawn.

III

The doe was followed by her new-dropped fawn,
And, folding all her feathers on her breast,
The swan within the reed-mace deep withdrawn
Dreamed on her nest.

IV

In the green wheat the poppy burst aflame,
Wildrose and woodbine garlanded the glade,
And, twin with maiden Summer, forth there came
A summer Maid.

V

Her face was as the face of mid-June when
Blossoms the meadowsweet, the bindweed
blows :
Pale as a lily first She blenched, and then
Blushed like a rose.

VI

They placed a Crown upon her fair young brow,
They put a Sceptre in her girlish hand,
Saying, "Behold ! You are Sovereign Lady now
Of this great Land !"

VII

Silent She gazed, as one who doth not know
The meaning of a message. When She broke
The hush of awe around her, 'twas as though
Her soul that spoke.

VIII

“With this dread summons, since 'tis Heaven's
decree,
I would not palter, even if I could ;
But, being a woman only, I can be
Not great, but good.

IX

“I cannot don the breastplate and the helm,
To my weak waist the sword I cannot gird,
Nor in the discords that distract a Realm
Be seen or heard.

X

“But in my People's wisdom will I share,
And in their valour play a helpful part,
Lending them still, in all they do or dare,
My woman's heart.

XI

“And haply it may be that, by God's grace,
And unarmed Love's invulnerable might,
I may, though woman, lead a manly race
To higher height ;

XII

"If wise will curb disorderly desire,
The Present hold the parent Past in awe,
Religion hallowing with its sacred fire
Freedom and Law.

XIII

"Never be broken, long as I shall reign,
The solemn covenant 'twixt them and me,
To keep this Kingdom, moated by the main,
Loyal yet free."

XIV

Thus with grave utterance and majestic mien
She with her eighteen summers filled the
Throne
Where Alfred sate : a girl, withal a Queen,
Aloft, alone !

XV

But Love that hath the power to force apart
The bolts and baulk the sentinels of Kings,
Came o'er the sea, and in her April heart
Folded his wings.

XVI

Thenceforth more dear than diadem She owned
A princely helpmate, sharer in her trust,
If not her Sceptre :—since, withal, enthroned
By Time the just.

XVII

Scorner of wrong, and lover of the right,
Compounded all of nobleness he seemed,
And was indeed the perfect gentle Knight
The poet dreamed.

XVIII

So when the storm of wrath arose that drave
Scared Rulers from their realms, Her Throne,
deep laid
In liberty and trust, calm shelter gave
To Kings dismayed.

XIX

And stronger grew the bond of love and grace
Betwixt Her and her People, while that She
Reigned the glad Mother of a Royal race,
Rulers to be.

XX

But Death that deepens love in darkening life
Turned to a pall the purple of her Throne.
Then, more than once the maid, the widowed wife
Reigned all alone !

XXI

"Leave me awhile to linger with the dead,"
Weeping, She sued. "But doubt not that
I still
Am nuptialled to my People, and have wed
Their deathless will.

XXII

"Their thoughts shall be my thoughts, their
aim my aim,
Their free-lent loyalty my right divine ;
Mine will I make their triumphs, mine their fame,
Their sorrows mine.

XXIII

"And I will be the bond to link them all
In patriot purpose till my days be done,
So that, in mind and might, whate'er befall,
They still keep One."

XXIV

Then to the winds yet wider was unfurled
The Flag that tyrants never could enslave,
Till its strong wisdom governed half the world,
And all the wave !

XXV

And, panoplied alike for War or Peace,
Victoria's England furroweth still the foam
To harvest Empire, wiser than was Greece,
Wider than Rome !

XXVI

Therefore with glowing hearts and proud glad
tears,
The children of her Island Realm to-day
Recall her sixty venerable years
Of virtuous sway.

XXVII

Now too from where Saint-Lawrence winds adown
'Twixt forests felled and plains that feel the
plough,
And Ganges jewels the Imperial Crown
That girds her brow ;

XXVIII

From Afric's Cape, where loyal watchdogs bark,
And Britain's Sceptre ne'er shall be withdrawn,
And that young Continent that greets the dark
When we the dawn ;

XXIX

From steel-capped promontories stern and strong,
And lone isles mounting guard upon the main,
Hither her subjects wend to hail her long
Resplendent Reign.

XXX

And ever when mid-June's musk-roses blow,
Our Race will celebrate Victoria's name,
And even England's greatness gain a glow
From Her pure fame.

LOOK SEAWARD, SENTINEL !

I

Look seaward, Sentinel, and tell the land
What you behold.

SENTINEL

I see the deep-ploughed furrows of the main
Bristling with harvest ; funnel, and keel, and
shroud,
Heaving and hurrying hither through gale
and cloud,
Winged by their burdens ; argosies of grain,
Flocks of strange breed and herds of southern
strain,
Fantastic stuffs and fruits of tropic bloom,
Antarctic fleece and equatorial spice,
Cargoes of cotton, and flax, and silk, and rice,
Food for the hearth and staples for the loom :
Huge vats of sugar, casks of wine and oil,
Summoned from every sea to one sole shore
By Empire's sceptre ; the converging store
Of Trade's pacific universal spoil.

And heaving and hurrying hitherward to bring
Tribute from every zone, they lift their voices,
And, as a strong man revels and rejoices,
They loudly and lustily chant, and this the song
they sing.

CHORUS OF HOME-COMING SHIPS

From the uttermost bound
Of the wind and the foam,
From creek and from sound,
We are hastening home.
We are laden with treasure
From ransacked seas,
To charm your leisure,
To grace your ease.
We have trodden the billows,
And tracked the ford,
To soften your pillows,
To heap your board.
The hills have been shattered,
The forests scattered,
Our white sails tattered,
To swell your hoard.
Is it blossom, or fruit, or
Seed, you crave ?
The land is your suitor,
The sea your slave.
We have raced with the swallows,
And threaded the flocs

Where the walrus wallows
Mid melting snows ;
Sought regions torrid,
And realms of sleet,
To gem your forehead,
To swathe your feet.
And behold, now we tender,
With pennons unfurled,
For your comfort and splendour,
The wealth of the world.

II

Look landward, Sentinel, and tell the sea
What you behold.

SENTINEL

I see a land of liberty and peace,
Ancient in glory and strength, but young in
mien,
Like immemorial forest Spring makes green,
And whose boughs broaden as the years increase :
Where ruminating hide and grazing fleece
Dapple lush meadows diapered with flowers,
Lambs bleat, birds carol, rosy children roam,
The glad hind whistles as he wendeth home,
And red roofs nestle under gray church-towers :
Whose sons have in their fearless eyes the light
Of centuries of fame and battles won
And Empire ranging roundward with the sun ;

Whose fair frank daughters gleam upon the sight
Fresh as the dawn and florid as the Spring ;
And, as from lowly porch and lordly dwelling
They sally forth and meet, with voices swelling
Harmoniously they chant, and this the song
they sing.

CHORUS OF ISLANDERS

Blest be the cliffs and the crags that girdle
Our island home,
And blest, thrice blest, the tempests that scourge
and curdle
The sea into foam.
For the nations over the wave eat, sleep, and
labour,
In doubt and dread ;
The spear is the child at their threshold, the
naked sabre
The bride by their bed.
But we behind bulwarks of brine and rampart of
breakers,
Year after year,
Drop the seed in the drill and the furrow, and
harvest our acres,
And feel no fear.
While they wattle their flocks, and remember
the past, and shudder,
And finger the sword,

Our lambs go safe to the ewes, our calves to the
udder,
Our 'fruits to the board.
Welcome the sleet that blinds and the blasts that
buffet,
And welcome the roar
Of the storms that swoop on the sea and rend
and rough it
Around our shore.
For in safety the yearling fattens, the heifer
browses,
The herds increase ;
In safety we fondle our babes, in safety our spouses,
In safety, freedom, and peace.

III

Look again seaward, but beyond the sea,
And say what you behold.

SENTINEL

I see weeping and wailing, and the bridegroom
ruthlessly torn
From the clinging arms of the bride, and I
see and I hear
Clanking of steel and clarions clamouring clear,
And suckling mothers, wedded but forlorn,
Cradling their babes amid the half-cut corn ;
Whose fathers, as the homely days grew ripe

When fruits are plucked and mellow harvest
 stored,
Felt the soft curving sickle from their gripe
 Timelessly wrenched, and in its place a sword.
And I see the nations, like to restless waves,
 Surging against each other, withal afraid
To close and clash, lest blade prove strong as
 blade,
And even the victor win but worthless graves.
And, wearying of the days and nights that bring
 No respite nor reward, they moan and murmur
 Under their breath, until with accents firmer
They sadly and surlily chant, and this the song
 they sing.

CHORUS OF ARMED NATIONS

How long shall we, we only, bear the burden
 And sweat beneath the strain
Of iron Peace, while others gain the guerdon,
 And prosper on our pain ?
Lo ! in their fancied fortress girt with waters
 That neither fall nor fail,
They hear of rapine and they read of slaughters,
 As of some touching tale.
No more they care to subjugate the billow,
 Or dominate the blast ;
Supine they lie on the luxurious pillow
 Of their resplendent Past.

Lulled into arrogant languor by the glories
Of their adventurous sires,
They tell each other old heroic stories
By comfortable fires.
Why should they pile up wealth who do not
labour ?
Why, sowing not, should reap ?
Let us steal out, and with unslumbering sabre
Assassinate their sleep.

IV

Look again landward, Sentinel, and say
What there you now behold.

SENTINEL

I see the sports deserted on the green,
And song and revel hushed within the hall ;
And I hear strong voices to strong voices call
To muster round the shore in martial sheen.
And north of Trent and south of Thames are
seen
Furnace and forge and factory vomiting fire,
While swarthy faces, labouring through the night,
On giant anvils giant hammers smite,
From molten metal moulding hoop and tire.
In port and arsenal rhythmic thunders ring,
And through their gateways laden tumbrils
rattle ;

And England's sinewy striplings, trim for
battle,
In unison cheer and chant, and this the song
they sing.

CHORUS OF ISLANDERS

Sweet are the ways of peace, and sweet
The gales that fan the foam
That sports with silvery-twinkling feet
Around our island home.
But, should the winds of battle shrill,
And the billows crisp their mane,
Down to the shore, from vale, from hill,
From hamlet, town, and plain !
The ocean our forefathers trod
In many a forest keel,
Shall feel our feet once more, but shod
With ligaments of steel.
Ours is the Sea, to rule, to keep,
Our realm, and, if ye would
Challenge dominion of the deep,
Then make that challenge good.
But ware ye lest your vauntings proud
Be coffined in the surge,
Our breakers be for you a shroud,
Our battle-song your dirge.
Peaceful within our peaceful home
We ply the loom and share,

Peaceful above the peaceful foam
Our pennons float and fare ;
Bearing, for other peaceful lands,
Through sunshine, storm, and snow,
The harvest of industrious hands
Peacefully to and fro.
But, so ye will it, then our sails
The blasts of war shall swell,
And hold and hulk, now choked with bales,
Be crammed with shot and shell.
The waves impregnably shall bear
Our bulwarks on their breast,
And eyes of steel unsleeping glare
Across each billowy crest ;
Along the trenches of the deep
Unflinching faces shine,
And Britain's stalwart sailors keep
The bastions of the brine.
Ocean itself, from strand to strand,
Our citadel shall be,
And, though the world together band,
Not all the legends of the land
Shall ever wrest from England's hand
The Sceptre of the Sea.

ALFRED'S SONG

(FROM "ENGLAND'S DARLING")

IN the Beginning when, out of darkness,
The Earth, the Heaven,
The stars, the seasons,
The mighty mainland,
And whale-ploughed water,
By God the Maker
Were formed and fashioned,
Then God made England.

He made it shapely,
With land-locked inlets,
And gray-green nesses ;
With rivers roaming
From fair-leafed forests
Through windless valleys,
Past plain and pasture,
To sloping shingle :
Thus God made England.

Then like to the long-backed bounding billows,
That foam and follow
In rolling ridges,
Before and after,
To bluff and headland,
Hither there tided
The loose-limbed Briton,
The lording Roman,
And strong on his oars the sea-borne Saxon,
And now the Norsemen
Who hard with Alfred
Wrestle for England.

But onward and forward,
In far days fairer,
I see this England
Made one and mighty :
Mighty and master
Of all within it.
Mighty and master
Of men high-seated,
Of free-necked labour,
Lowland and upland,
And corn and cattle,
And ploughland peaceful,
Of happy homesteads
That warmly nestle
In holt and hollow.
This is the England,
In fair days forward,
I see and sing of.

Then, mighty and master of all within her,
 Of Celt and Briton,
 Angle and Frisian,
 Saxon and Norseman,
Shall England plough, like the whale and walrus,
 The roaring ridges
 Of foam-necked water,
 With long-oared warships
 And keels high-beak'd ;
 And never a foeman,
 Eastward or westward,
 Shall dare to raven
 Her salt-sea inlets,
 Her grim gray nesses,
But, swift at the sight of her rearing cradles,
 Shall scud and scatter,
 Like wild geese fleeing
 'Twixt wave and welkin,
Away from the dread of the shrilling weapons
 Of foam-fenced England !

SONNET

(FROM "IN VERONICA'S GARDEN")

HERE, where the vine and fig bask hand in hand,
And the hot lizard lies along the wall,
Blinded I shrink where cypress shadows fall,
And gaze upon the far-off mountains bland :
Then down the dusty track Lorenzo planned
Watch the slow oxen oscillating crawl
Sleek in the sultry glare, and feel withal
Half alien still in a familiar land.
But when from out the stone-pine slopes that rise
In the clear ether, black against the blue,
The cuckoo suddenly calls, I close mine eyes
In visionary rapture, think of you,
Hear the home-music of your Kentish skies,
And dream that I am drenched with English dew.

WHO WOULD NOT DIE FOR ENGLAND !

Whippingham—Sandringham, February 1896

Who would not die for England !

 This great thought,
Through centuries of Glory handed down
By storied vault in monumental fane,
And homeless grave in lone barbaric lands,
Homeless but not forgotten, so can thrill
With its imperious call the hearts of men,
That suddenly from dwarf ignoble lives
They rise to heights of nobleness, and spurn
The languid couch of safety, to embrace
Duty and Death that evermore were twin.

“Who would not die for England !”

 Thus He said,
Who at the holiest of all English hearths,
The holiest and the highest, had been given
A seat, an English Princess for his Bride,—
Now at that hearth weeping her widowed tears,

Bitter and barren as the winter rain.
"It is not meet that I, whom this famed Isle,
This generous, mighty, and majestic Land,
Ennobled as her son, should not repay
Her splendid gift of kinship. Let me go,
Go where they go, Her world-researching race,
That slumber pillowed on the half-drawn sword,
And wake at whisper of her will, to greet
Duty and Death that evermore were twin."

Who would not die for England !

And for Her
He dies, who, whether in the fateful fight,
Or in the marish jungle, where She bids,
Far from encircling fondness, far from kiss
Of clinging babes, hushes his human heart,
And, stern to every voice but Hers, obeys
Duty and Death that evermore were twin.

So across the far-off foam,
Bring him hither, bring him home,
Over avenues of wave,—
English ground,—to English grave ;
Where his soldier dust may rest,
England's Flag above his breast,
And, love-tended, long may bloom
English flowers about his tomb.

Who would not die for England, that can give
A sepulture like this, 'mid hamlet crofts,

34 WHO WOULD NOT DIE FOR ENGLAND !

And comely cottages with old-world flowers,
And rustic seats for labour-palsied limbs,
The pensioners of Peace ! I linger here,
Pondering the dark inexplicable Night,
Here by this river-girt sequestered shrine
Whose vanished walls were reared anew by Him,
Of Princes the most princely, if it be
That Wisdom, Love, and Virtue more adorn
Sarcophagus of Kings than dripping spears,
Lone wailing hearths and hecatombs of slain.
And He too died for England, He who lived
Scorning all joy save that great joy of all,
The love of one true woman, She a Queen,
Empress and Queen, yet not the more revered,
Not the more loved, for those resounding names,
Than for the lowlier titles, Gracious, Good,
The Worthiest of Women ever crowned.

Sweetest Consort, sagest Prince !
Snows on snows have melted since
England lost you ;—late to learn
Worth that never can return ;
Learned to know you as you were,
Known, till then, alone to Her !
Luminous as sun at noon,
Tender as the midnight moon,
Steadfast as the steered-by star,
Wise as Time and Silence are :
Deaf to vain-belittling lie,
Deaf to gibing jealousy ;

Thinking only of the goal,
And, like every lofty soul,
Scanning with a far-off smile
The revilings of the vile.

Yes, He too died for England ! thence withdrawn
Dim to that undiscoverable land
Where our lost loved ones dwell with wistful eyes,
And lips that look but speak not. . . . But away !
Away from these soft-whispering waves that make
A dulcet dirge around the new-delved grave,
To bluff East-Anglia, where on wind-swept lawns
The sanguine crocus peeps from underground
To feel the sun and only finds the snow ;
And, whinnying on the norland blast, the surge
Leaps against iron coast with iron hoof,
As though the hosts of Denmark foamed afresh,
Caparisoned for ravin ! And I see
A cradle, not a coffin, and therein
Another Child to England ; and, veiled Fate
Over it bent with deep-divining gaze,
And with oracular lips, like nurse inspired,
Foretelling the fair Future.

“ Another Albert shalt Thou be, so known,
So known, so honoured, and His name shall stand
The sponsor to your spotlessness, until
Dawns the full day when, conscious of your soul,
Your soul, your self, and that high mission laid
On all of such begetting, you may seize



36 WHO WOULD NOT DIE FOR ENGLAND !

The sceptre of your will, and, thus-wise armed
Against the sirens of disloyal sense,
Like to your pure progenitor abide
In God's stern presence, and surrender never
That last prerogative of all your race,
To live and die for England ! ”

AT HIS GRAVE

I


LEAVE me a little while alone,
Here at his grave that still is strewn
 With crumbling flower and wreath ;
The laughing rivulet leaps and falls,
The thrush exults, the cuckoo calls,
 And he lies hushed beneath.

II

With myrtle cross and crown of rose,
And every lowlier flower that blows,
 His new-made couch is dressed ;
Primrose and cowslip, hyacinth wild,
Gathered by Monarch, peasant, child,
 A nation's grief attest.

III

I stood not with the mournful crowd
That hither came when round his shroud
 Pious farewells were said.



AT HIS GRAVE

In the famed city that he saved,
By minaret crowned, by billow laved,
I heard that he was dead.

IV

Now o'er his tomb at last I bend,
No greeting get, no greeting tend,
Who never came before
Unto his presence, but I took,
From word or gesture, tone or look,
Some wisdom from his door.

V

And must I now unanswered wait,
And, though a suppliant at the gate,
No sound my ears rejoice ?
Listen ! Yes, even as I stand,
I feel the pressure of his hand,
The comfort of his voice.

VI

How poor were Fame, did grief confess
That death can make a great life less,
Or end the help it gave !
Our wreaths may fade, our flowers may wane,
But his well-ripened deeds remain,
Untouched, above his grave.

VII

Let this, too, soothe our widowed minds ;
Silenced are the opprobrious winds
 Whene'er the sun goes down ;
And, free henceforth from noonday noise,
He at a tranquil height enjoys
 The starlight of renown.

VIII

Thus hence we something more may take
Than sterile grief, than formless ache,
 Or vainly-uttered vow ;
Death hath bestowed what life withheld,
And he round whom detraction swelled,
 Hath peace with honour now.

IX

The open jeer, the covert taunt,
The falsehood coined in factious haunt,
 These loving gifts reprove.
They never were but thwarted sound
Of ebbing waves that bluster round
 A rock that will not move.

X

And now the idle roar rolls off ;
Hushed is the gibe and shamed the scoff,
 Repressed the envious gird ;

AT HIS GRAVE

Since death, the looking-glass of life,
Cleared of the misty breath of strife,
Reflects his face unblurred.

XI


From callow youth to mellow age,
Men turn the leaf and scan the page,
And note, with smart of loss,
How wit to wisdom did mature,
How duty burned ambition pure,
And purged away the dross.

XII

Youth is self-love ; our manhood lends
Its heart to pleasure, mistress, friends,
So that, when age steals nigh,
How few find any worthier aim
Than to protract a flickering flame,
Whose oil hath long run dry !

XIII

But he, unwitting youth once flown,
With England's greatness linked his own,
And, steadfast to that part,
Held praise and blame but fitful sound,
And in the love of country found
Full solace for his heart.



XIV

Now in an English grave he lies :
With flowers that tell of English skies
And mind of English air,
A grateful Sovereign decks his bed,
And hither long with pilgrim tread
With English feet repair.

XV

Yet not beside his grave alone
We seek the glance, the touch, the tone ;
His home is nigh,—but there,
See from the hearth his figure fled,
The pen unraised, the page unread,
Untenanted the chair !

XVI

Vainly the beechen boughs have made
A fresh green canopy of shade,
Vainly the peacocks stray ;
While Carlo, with despondent gait,
Wonders how long affairs of State
Will keep his lord away.

XVII

Here most we miss the guide, the friend.
Back to the churchyard let me wend
And, by the posied mound,

Lingering where late stood worthier feet,
Wish that some voice, more strong, more sweet,
A loftier dirge would sound.

XVIII

At least I bring not tardy flowers.
Votive to him life's budding powers,
Such as they were, I gave—
He not rejecting : so I may
Perhaps these poor faint spices lay,
Unhidden, on his grave !

HUGHENDEN, *May* 1881.

WHY ENGLAND IS CONSERVATIVE

I

BECAUSE of our dear Mother, the fair Past,
On whom twin Hope and Memory safely lean,
And from whose fostering wisdom none shall
wean

Their love and faith, while love and faith shall
last :

Mother of happy homes and Empire vast,
Of hamlets meek, and many a proud demesne,
Blue spires of cottage smoke 'mong woodlands
green,

And comely altars where no stone is cast.
And shall we barter these for gaping Throne,
Dismantled towers, mean plots without a tree,
A herd of hinds too equal to be free,
Greedy of other's, jealous of their own,
And, where sweet Order now breathes cadenced
tone,

Envy, and hate, and all uncharity ?

II

Banish the fear ! 'Twere infamy to yield
To folly what to force had been denied,
Or in the Senate quail before the tide
We should have stemmed and routed in the field.
What though no more we brandish sword and
 shield,
Reason's keen blade is ready at our side,
And manly brains, in wisdom panoplied,
Can foil the shafts that treacherous sophists wield.
The spirit of our fathers is not quelled.
With weapons valid even as those they bore,
Domain, Throne, Altar, still may be upheld,
So we disdain, as they disdained of yore,
The foreign froth that foams against our shore,
Only by its white cliffs to be repelled !

III

Therefore, chime sweet and safely, village bells,
And, rustic chancels, woo to reverent prayer,
And, wise and simple, to the porch repair
Round which Death, slumbering, dreamlike
 heaves and swells.
Let hound and horn in wintry woods and dells
Make jocund music though the boughs be bare,
And whistling yokel guide his gleaming share
Hard by the homes where gentle lordship dwells.
Therefore sit high enthroned on every hill,

Authority ! and loved in every vale ;
Nor, old Tradition, falter in the tale
Of lowly valour led by lofty will :
And, though the throats of envy rage and rail,
Be fair proud England proud fair England still !

ON RETURNING TO ENGLAND

THERE ! once again I stand on home,
Though round me still there swirls the foam,
Leaping athwart the vessel's track
To bid a wanderer welcome back,
And though as yet through softening haze
White cliffs but vaguely greet my gaze.
For, England ! yours the waves, the spray,
And, be one's foothold what it may,
Wherever billow wafts or wends,
Your soil is trodden, your shore extends.
How stern ! how sweet ! Though fresh from
lands
Where soft seas heave on slumbering strands,
And zephyrs moistened by the south
Seem kisses from an infant's mouth,
My northern blood exults to face
The rapture of this rough embrace,
Glowing in every vein to feel
The cordial caress of steel
From spear-blue air and sword-blue sea,
The armour of your liberty.

Braced by the manly air, I reach
My soul out to the approaching beach,
And own, the instant I arrive,
The dignity of being alive !

And now with forward-faring feet
Eager I leap to land, and greet
The hearty grasp, the honest gaze,
The voice that means the thing it says,
The gait of men by birthright free,
Unceremonial courtesy.
None frown, none cringe, but, fearless-eyed,
Are kindly all ; since, side by side,
Authority and Freedom reign
In twin equality, and drain
Their sanction from the self-same breast,
And Law is wise Will manifest.
Yes, this is England, frank and fair :
I tread its turf, I breathe its air,
And catch from every stalwart lung
The music of my mother tongue.

And who are these that cluster round
With hastening feet and silvery sound,
And eyes as liquid as the dawn,
When laughs the dew on Kentish lawn ?
These England's daughters, frank yet arch,
Supple as April, strong as March :
Like pink-white windflowers in the grove,
That came while east and west wind strove

For mastery, and Spring seemed late,
Hardy alike and delicate.
How well their faces fit the scene,
The copses gray, the hedgerows green,
The white-veiled blackthorn, gorse afire,
The cottage yew, the village spire ;
The pastures flecked with frisking lambs
Around their gravely grazing dams ;
The children loitering home from school,
Their hands and pinafores all full
Of cuckoo-pint and bluebell spike,
Gathered in dingle, dell, and dyke ;
The comely homes one just can see
Through flowering belts of bush and tree,
That all combine, all, all conspire,
To more than satisfy desire,
To make one love this lovely earth,
And bless Heaven for one's British birth.

Bewitching climes ! where late I sought
In change of scene a change of thought,
Refreshment from familiar ground,
And, what I sought for, more than found,
Where old enchantment haunteth still
Ligurian coast and Tuscan hill,
Climes I have ventured oft and long
To celebrate in faltering song,
Where fearless almond, faery larch,
Smiling, disarm the frown of March,
Snow hath no terrors, frost no sting,

And playful Winter mimics Spring,
Deem me not thankless, nor deny
Fresh welcome from your shore and sky,
Repose from thought so oft implored,
And ne'er refused, if, now restored
By you to health, by you to home,
Glad I return, late glad to roam.
For dear to me though wayside shrine
By silent gorge or murmuring brine ;
Dear though the barefoot peasant folk
Who lop the vine and steer the yoke
Of soft-eyed, sleek-skinned, creamy bees,
Up narrow ways to broad slant eaves ;
The stony mule-tracks twisting slow
Up slopes where cherry-blossoms blow
'Mid olive gray and ilex brown,
On to some sun-bronzed mountain town ;
The hush and cool of marble domes,
Where, wed to reverie, one roams
Through transept, chancel, cloister, cell,
Where still with far-off faces dwell
Sages and saints devoutly limned
By hands long dust and eyes long dimmed ;
Dear though all these, and ne'er forgot,
No southern shore, no sunniest spot,
Not Roccabruna's hamlet crest,
Not Eza's brow, not Taggia's breast,
Not Bellosguardo's sunset hour,
Not Dante's seat nor Giotto's Tower,
Nor even Spiaggiascura's foam,

Musten and melt my heart like home,
 For here the cuckoo seems more glad,
 The nightingale more sweetly sad,
 Primroses more rich in gaze
 To childhood's wonder, childhood's wars;
 And all things that one sees and hears,
 Since rooted in the bygone years,
 And blending with their warm caress
 A touch of homely tenderness,
 Bid the quick instinct in one's blood
 Pay tribute unto motherhood.
 How should strange lands, it boots not where,
 Divorce one from one's native air,
 Or in a loyal breast dethrone
 Unreasoning reverence for one's own?
 Yet love and reason surely blend
 To stir this passion and commend
 And who will blame if, though one seeks
 In gentler tides, and sterner peaks
 That tower above a wider plain,
 Contrast to northern hill and main,
 I cherish still and hold apart
 The fondest feeling in my heart
 For where, beneath one's parent sky,
 Our dear ones live, our dead ones lie?

And you, dear friend, who linger still
 Beside the iris-crested rill
 That silvers through your olives gray
 From convent-capped Fiesole,

Think not that I forget, forswear,
The scenes we lately vowed so fair.
To these your wandering footsteps bring
The freshness of an English Spring ;
And even Florence sunnier glows,
When Phyllis prattles and Ivor crows.
And, though among them still you stray,
Sweet-lengthening-out a Tuscan May,
You too will here return before
Our Northern roses blow once more,
To prove to all of kindred birth,
For winsome grace and sterling worth,
Nothing can match, where'er we roam,
An English wife in English home.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

I

Is life worth living? Yes, so long
As Spring revives the year,
And hails us with the cuckoo's song,
To show that she is here ;
So long as May of April takes,
In smiles and tears, farewell,
And windflowers dapple all the brakes,
And primroses the dell ;
While children in the woodlands yet
Adorn their little laps
With ladysmock and violet,
And daisy-chain their caps ;
While over orchard daffodils
Cloud-shadows float and fleet,
And ousel pipes and laverock trills,
And young lambs buck and bleat ;
So long as that which bursts the bud
And swells and tunes the rill,
Makes springtime in the maiden's blood,
Life is worth living still.

II

Life not worth living ! Come with me,
Now that, through vanishing veil,
Shimmers the dew on lawn and lea,
And milk foams in the pail ;
Now that June's sweltering sunlight bathes
With sweat the striplings lithe,
As fall the long straight scented swathes
Over the crescent scythe ;
Now that the throstle never stops
His self-sufficing strain,
And woodbine-trails festoon the copse,
And eglantine the lane ;
Now rustic labour seems as sweet
As leisure, and blithe herds
Wend homeward with unwearied feet,
Carolling like the birds ;
Now all, except the lover's vow,
And nightingale, is still ;
Here, in the twilight hour, allow,
Life is worth living still.

III

When Summer, lingering half-forlorn,
On Autumn loves to lean,
And fields of slowly yellowing corn
Are girt by woods still green ;
When hazel-nuts wax brown and plump,
And apples rosy-red,

And the owlet hoots from hollow stump,
And the dormouse makes its bed ;
When crammed are all the granary floors,
And the Hunter's moon is bright,
And life again is sweet indoors,
And logs again alight ;
Aye, even when the houseless wind
Waileth through cleft and chink,
And in the twilight maids grow kind,
And jugs are filled and clink ;
When children clasp their hands and pray
" Be done Thy heavenly will ! "
Who doth not lift his voice, and say,
" Life is worth living still " ?


IV

Is life worth living ? Yes, so long
As there is wrong to right,
Wail of the weak against the strong,
Or tyranny to fight ;
Long as there lingers gloom to chase,
Or streaming tear to dry,
One kindred woe, one sorrowing face
That smiles as we draw nigh :
Long as at tale of anguish swells
The heart, and lids grow wet,
And at the sound of Christmas bells
We pardon and forget ;
So long as Faith with Freedom reigns,
And loyal Hope survives,

And gracious Charity remains
To leaven lowly lives ;
While there in one untrodden tract
For Intellect or Will,
And men are free to think and act
Life is worth living still.

v

Not care to live while English homes
Nestle in English trees,
And England's Trident-Sceptre roams
Her territorial seas !
Not live while English songs are sung
Wherever blows the wind,
And England's laws and England's tongue
Enfranchise half mankind !
So long as in Pacific main,
Or on Atlantic strand,
Our kin transmit the parent strain,
And love the Mother-Land ;
So long as in this ocean Realm,
Victoria and her Line
Retain the heritage of the helm,
By loyalty divine ;
So long as flashes English steel,
And English trumpets shrill,
He is dead already who doth not feel
Life is worth living still.



IN PRAISE OF ENGLAND

I

FROM tangled brake and trellised bower
Bring every bud that blows,
But never will you find the flower
To match an English rose.
It blooms with more than city grace,
Though rustic and apart ;
It has a smile upon its face,
And a dewdrop in its heart.

II

Though wide the goodly world around
Your fancy may have strayed,
Where was the woman ever found
To match an English maid ?
At work she smiles, through play she sings,
She doubts not nor denies ;
She'll cling to you as woodbine clings,
And love you till she dies.

III

If you would put it to the proof,
Then round the zodiac roam ;
But never will you find the roof
To match an English home.
You hear the sound of children's feet
Still pattering on the stair :
'Tis made by loving labour sweet,
And sanctified by prayer.

IV

Go traverse tracts sublime or sweet,
Snow-peak or scorched ravine,
But where will you the landscape meet
To match an English scene ?
The hamlet hallowed by its spire,
The wildwood fresh with flowers,
Garden and croft and thorp and byre
Gleaming through silvery showers.

V

Across the wave, along the wind,
Flutter and plough your way,
But where will you a Sceptre find
To match the English Sway ?
Its conscience holds the world in awe
With blessing or with ban ;
Its Freedom guards the Reign of Law,
And majesty of Man !

THREE SONNETS

WRITTEN IN MID-CHANNEL

I

Now upon English soil I soon shall stand,
Homeward from climes that fancy deems more
fair ;
And well I know that there will greet me there
No soft foam fawning upon smiling strand,
No scent of orange-groves, no zephyrs bland,
But Amazonian March, with breast half bare
And sleety arrows whistling through the air,
Will be my welcome from that burly land.
Yet he who boasts his birthplace yonder lies,
Owns in his heart a mood akin to scorn
For sensuous slopes that bask 'neath Southern
skies,
Teeming with wine and prodigal of corn,
And, gazing through the mist with misty eyes,
Blesses the brave bleak land where he was born.

II

And wherefore feels he thus ? Because its shore
Nor conqueror's foot nor despot's may defile,
But Freedom walks unarmed about the isle,
And Peace sits musing beside each man's door.
Beyond these straits, the wild-beast mob may
 roar,
Elsewhere the veering demagogue beguile :
We, hand in hand with the Past, look on and
 smile,
And tread the ways our fathers trod before.
What though some wretch, whose glory you
 may trace
Past lonely hearths and unrecorded graves,
Round his Sword-sceptre summoning swarms of
 slaves,
Menace *our* shores with conflict or disgrace,—
We laugh behind the bulwark of the waves,
And fling the foam defiant in his face.

III

And can it be,—when Heaven this deep moat
 made,
And filled it with the ungovernable seas,
Gave us the winds for rampart, waves for frise,
Behind which Freedom, elsewhere if betrayed,
Might shelter find, and flourish unafraid,—

That men who learned to lisp at English knees
Of English fame, to pamper womanish ease
And swell the surfeits of voracious trade
Shall the impregnable breakers undermine,
Take ocean in reverse, and, basely bold,
Burrow beneath the bastions of the brine?—
Nay, England, if the citadel be sold
For lucre thus, Tarpeia's doom be thine,
And perish smothered in a grave of gold!

March 1882.

THE PASSING OF MERLIN


I am Merlin,
And I am dying,
I am Merlin
Who follow The Gleam.
TENNYSON'S *Merlin and The Gleam*.

I

MERLIN has gone—has gone !—and through the
land
The melancholy message wings its way ;
To careless-ordered garden by the bay,
Back o'er the narrow strait to island strand,
Where Camelot looks down on wild Broceliand.

II

Merlin has gone, Merlin the Wizard who found,
In the Past's glimmering tide, and hailed him
King,
Arthur, great Uther's son, and so did sing
The mystic glories of the Table Round,
That ever its name will live so long as Song
shall sound.



III

Merlin has gone, Merlin who followed the Gleam,
And made us follow it ; the flying tale
Of the Last Tournament, the Holy Grail,
And Arthur's Passing ; till the Enchanter's dream
Dwells with us still awake, no visionary theme.

IV

To-day is dole in Astolat, and dole
In Celidon the forest, dole and tears.
In Joyous Gard blackhooded lean the spears :
The nuns of Almesbury sound a mournful toll,
And Guinevere kneeling weeps, and prays for
Merlin's soul.

V

A wailing cometh from the shores that veil
Avilion's island valley ; on the mere,
Looms through the mist and wet winds weeping
 blear
A dusky barge, which, without oar or sail,
Fades to the far-off fields where falls nor snow
 nor hail.

VI

Of all his wounds He will be heal'd now,
Wounds of harsh time and vulnerable life,
Fatigue of rest and weariness of strife,



Doubt and the long deep questionings that plough
The forehead of age but bring no harvest to the
brow.

VII

And there He will be comforted ; but we
Must watch, like Bedivere, the dwindling light
That slowly shrouds Him darkling from our sight.
From the great deep to the great deep hath He
Passed, and, if now He knows, is mute eternally.

VIII

From Somersby's ivied tower there sinks and
swells
A low slow peal, that mournfully is rolled
Over the long gray fields and glimmering wold,
To where, 'twixt sandy tracts and moorland fells,
Remembers Locksley Hall his musical farewells.

IX

And many a sinewy youth on Cam to-day
Suspends the dripping oar and lets his boat
Like dreaming water-lily drift and float,
While murmuring to himself the undying lay
That haunts the babbling Wye and Severn's
dirgeful bay.

X

The bole of the broad oak whose knotted knees
Lie hidden in the fern of Sumner Place,
Feels stirred afresh, as when Olivia's face
Lay warm against its rind, though now it sees
Not Love but Death approach, and shivers in
the breeze.

XI

In many a Vicarage garden, dense with age,
The haunt of pairing throistles, many a grange
Moated against the assault and siege of change,
Fair eyes consult anew the cherished Sage,
And now and then a tear falls blistering the page.

XII

April will blossom again, again will ring
With cuckoo's call and yaffel's flying scream,
And in veiled sleep the nightingale will dream,
Warbling as if awake. But what will bring
His sweet note back? He mute, it scarcely will
be Spring.

XIII

The Seasons sorrow for Him, and the Hours
Droop, like to bees belated in the rain.
The unmoving shadow of a pensive pain

Lies on the lawn and lingers on the flowers,
And sweet and sad seem one in woodbine-woven
bowers.

XIV

In English gardens fringed with English foam,
Or girt with English woods, He loved to dwell,
Singing of English lives in thorp or dell,
Orchard or croft ; so that, when now we roam
Through them, and find Him not, it scarcely
feels like home.

XV

And England's glories stirred Him as the swell
Of bluff winds blowing from Atlantic brine
Stirs mightier music in the murmuring pine.
Then sweet notes waxed to strong within his
shell,
And bristling rose the lines, and billowy rose
and fell.

XVI

So England mourns for Merlin, though its tears
Flow not from bitter source that wells in vain,
But kindred rather to the rippling rain
That brings the daffodil sheath and jonquil spears,
When Winter weeps away and April reappears.

XVII

For never hath England lacked a voice to sing
Her fairness and her fame, nor will she now.
Silence awhile may brood upon the bough,
But shortly once again the Isle will ring
With wakening winds of March and rhapsodies
of Spring.

XVIII

From Arthur unto Alfred, Alfred crowned
Monarch and Minstrel both, to Edward's day,
From Edward to Elizabeth, the lay
Of valour and love hath never ceased to sound,
But Song and Sword are twin, indissolubly bound.

XIX


Nor shall in Britain Taliessin tire
Transmitting through his stock the sacred strain.
When fresh renown prolongs Victoria's Reign,
Some patriot hand will sweep the living lyre,
And prove, with native notes, that Merlin was
his sire.

TO ENGLAND

MEN deemed thee fallen, did they? fallen like
Rome,

Coiled into self to foil a Vandal throng :
Not wholly shorn of strength, but vainly strong ;
Weaned from thy fame by a too happy home,
Scanning the ridges of thy teeming loam,
Counting thy flocks, humming thy harvest song,
Callous, because thyself secure, 'gainst wrong,
Behind the impassable fences of the foam !
The dupes ! Thou dost but stand erect, and lo !
The nations cluster round ; and while the horde
Of wolfish backs slouch homeward to their snow,
Thou, 'mid thy sheaves in peaceful seasons stored,
Towerest supreme, victor without a blow,
Smilingly leaning on thy undrawn sword !

April 1878.



Printed by R. & R. CLARK, LIMITED, Edinburgh.

THE WORKS OF
ALFRED AUSTIN
POET LAUREATE

A New Collected Edition of Poems.

In Nine Vols. Crown 8vo. 5s. each.

- Vol. I. The Tower of Babel : A Celestial
Love Drama.
- Vol. II. Savonarola : A Tragedy.
- Vol. III. Prince Lucifer.
- Vol. IV. The Human Tragedy.
- Vol. V. Lyrical Poems.
- Vol. VI. Narrative Poems.
- Vol. VII. Fortunatus the Pessimist.
- Vol. VIII. England's Darling. Together with
which is republished Mr. Austin's Poem entitled
"The Passing of Merlin," which appeared in the
Times on the morrow of Tennyson's death.
- Vol. IX. The Conversion of Winckelmann,
and other Poems.

MADONNA'S CHILD. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED, LONDON



Globe 8vo. Fourth Edition. 3s. 6d.

ENGLISH LYRICS

A SELECTION FROM THE LYRICAL
POEMS OF ALFRED AUSTIN

EDITED, WITH A PREFACE,
BY WILLIAM WATSON

EXTRACT FROM THE PREFACE

“A nobly filial love of Country, and a tenderly passionate *love of the country*—these appear to me the two dominant notes of this volume. The phrases themselves stand for things widely different, but it seems fated that the things themselves should be found present together or together absent. . . . Our literature prior to Lord Tennyson contains no such full utterance of this dual passion, this enthusiasm of nationality underlying an intimate and affectionate knowledge of every bird that makes an English summer melodious, and every flower that sweetens English air; and it seems to me that if the question be asked, ‘Who among the poets of a later generation can be said to share with Lord Tennyson the quality of being in this double sense English through and through?’ any competent person trying to answer the question honestly will find the name of the author of this volume of *English Lyrics* the first to rise to his lips.”

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED, LONDON

With Fourteen Illustrations. Seventh Thousand.
Extra Crown 8vo. Price 9s.

THE GARDEN THAT I LOVE

BY

ALFRED AUSTIN

TIMES.—"It is a description in lucid and graceful prose of an old-fashioned garden and its cultivation, interspersed with genial colloquies between its owners and their guests, and enriched with occasional verse. Mr. Austin, who is greatly to be envied the possession of this delightful garden, and not less to be congratulated on his sympathetic appreciation of its charms, has rarely been so happily inspired. . . . Some of his admirers will wish for more of Mr. Austin's verse; for ourselves we are content with a volume which, though not in verse, is unmistakably the work of a poet."

SPECTATOR.—"We are glad to welcome Mr. Alfred Austin's delightful *Garden that I Love* in a compact book form. Mr. Austin is the laureate of gardens; he is, as Addison says, 'In love with a country life, where Nature appears in the greatest perfection, and furnishes out all those scenes that are most apt to delight the imagination.' In the preface to Mr. Austin's *English Lyrics*, Mr. William Watson writes: 'A nobly filial love of country, and a tenderly passionate love of the country—these appear to me the two dominant notes of this volume'; and in the new volume that has just appeared, the same dominant notes recur again and again. In his poems, Mr. Austin has described Spring's youthful face, where sunny smiles chase away the fleeting tears; Summer's serene rose-tinted beauty; the matured brilliance of Autumn; and the withered homeliness of Winter; and now he takes his readers behind the scenes, as it were, and shows them an ideal country-house with its heavy mullioned windows looking towards the morning and noontide sun, and its gabled front almost smothered in climbing roses and creepers. . . . *The Garden that I Love* is sure of a large and appreciative audience."

SATURDAY REVIEW.—"In this sunshiny book with the Tennysonian title, Mr. Alfred Austin makes a charming addition to the literature of the English garden. Not wholly of the garden and of gardening is the poet's discourse, nor wholly descriptive of the gardener's aims, his hopes and fears and joys. In part it treats of the designer's projects and handiwork; and in part it is a poetic descant on the work not made of hands—the glories, the surprises, the magic of Nature, that reward the single-hearted love of the gardener with a prodigal show of delights, ever varied and ever new. From both points of view Mr. Austin's volume is delightful. . . . Some pleasing interludes of conversation occur, in which Lamia and Veronica intervene with the writer and the Poet, not in a panegyric of the garden, but in personal talk, generally of a light and sportive humour. The Poet, indeed, recites some charming lyrics, and in his observations on poets and poetry assumes a graver tone."

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED, LONDON

With Fourteen Illustrations. Fifth Thousand.
Extra Crown 8vo. Price 9s.

IN VERONICA'S GARDEN

BY

ALFRED AUSTIN

TIMES.—"Although sequels and continuations are proverbially perilous undertakings, we have little doubt that Mr. Alfred Austin's readers will gladly renew the acquaintance with Veronica's delightful garden and its genial occupants which they made in *The Garden that I Love*. The scheme of the new volume is the same as that of its predecessor. The garden is richer and more luxuriant, and its owner's or creator's love for it is more intense, than ever, and the illustrations with which the volume is enriched will make Mr. Austin's readers more eager than ever to share his love for and delight in it. The 'friends in council' whose colloquies enliven the garden and give an air of cultured retirement to Mr. Austin's pages are also the same as before, though their relationships are somewhat different. Veronica is now the wife of the Poet, while the anonymous gardener and the winsome Lamia appear to revolve somewhat erratically around this domestic centre. In both cases Mr. Austin blends in very delightful fashion his love of flowers and of simple rural delights with his love of gentle thoughts and gracious converse."

GUARDIAN.—"Mr. Austin has done well to follow up *The Garden that I Love* by *In Veronica's Garden*. It is really a second volume of the same work, and not only presupposes that the reader has read the first by frequent references to it, but is written on exactly the same lines, with the same *dramatis personæ*, the same quiet humour, and the same mixture of gardening, poetry, and moralising that made *The Garden that I Love* such pleasant reading. In one respect only can we trace any difference: the garden is still the central point of the book, but there is less of gardening in it, and more of moralisings and short essays; still the moralisings come in very naturally, and the essays, though short, are always to the point. There is the same healthy tone in this second volume that there was in the first; the same love of the country in all its aspects."

DAILY TELEGRAPH.—"A dainty piece of work is Mr. Alfred Austin's little volume, called *In Veronica's Garden*, which may be described as a continuation of his charming description of an English manor-house and its inhabitants—*The Garden that I Love*. Here, again, we meet with the modern representatives of Lamia and Veronica, with the amateur gardener himself, and with the Poet who is always ready to 'oblige' with verses of delicate workmanship, written to suit place or season. Indeed, one of the chief charms of the book is the deft, unobtrusive way in which Mr. Austin has contrived to mingle poetry with his prose, and to gratify both those who love an elegant prose style and those who admire the lyrics of the author of *The Human Tragedy*. There is one especially beautiful sonnet, called 'A Dream of England,' in which a dweller in Italy imagines himself to—

Hear the home-music of your Kentish skies,
And dream that I am drenched with English dew.
Equally delightful in its own way is the 'Passing of Spring.'"

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED, LONDON





Stanford University Libraries



3 6105 004 382 678

STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
CECIL H. GREEN LIBRARY
STANFORD, CALIFORNIA 94305-6004
(415) 723-1493

All books may be recalled after 7 days

DATE DUE



E. & M. Co.